A PULPIT TO BE LET.

Woe to the idle Shepherd that leaveth his Flock, Zechar. XI. 17.

With a juſt applauſe of thoſe worthy *Divines* that ſtay with us.

Beloved; and he ſweetly thus goes on,
Now, where's *Beloved?* why, *Beloved's* gon
No *morning Mattens* now, nor *Evening ſong*
Alas! the Parſon cannot ſtay ſo long.
With *Clarken-well* it fares as moſt in town,
The light-heel'd *Levit's* broke, and the *Spark* flown;
Broke did I ſay? they ne're had quit the place,
Had they but ſet up with a *ſpark* of grace!
They did the *Pulpit* as a Coffin greet,
And took the *Surplice* for a Winding-ſheet.
Had that ſo ſcar'd them? at the Bells ſad rolls,
They might have laid them by, and learnt of *Poules*.
But, for their parts, Who will? come in their rooms
They are not *mad*, to *live among the Tombs*.
See how they chooſe *three moneths to fly* the rod;
And dare not *fall into the hands of God*.
For *God of perſons no reſpecter is*,
Then to *reſpect* themſelves (pray'?) is amiſs?
They that ſhould ſtay, and teach us to conform,
Gird up their loines, and *run* to 'ſcape the *ſtorm*;
And wing'd with fear, *they flee to ſave their lives*
Like *Lot*, *from Sodom*, with their *brats*, and *wives*.
This is a *Tribe*, that for his puniſhments
Fear God; But *keep* not his *Commandements*.
They dread the Plague, and dare not ſtand it's ſhock,
Let Wolves, or Lions feed the fainting Flock.
They made the Sheep the ſubject, now, men ſay,
Not ſo much of their *prayer*, as their *prey*.
But they are gon to have (it now appears)
The Country hear them with their harveſt-ears.
Whilſt here at home, we find Chriſt's ſaying true,
The harveſt great is, but the lab'rers few.
Yet, like enough, *the heat o'th' day* being or'e,
You'l have them here again at the *'leventh hour*.
Think you theſe men believe with holy *Paul*,
For them, to be diſſolv'd, is beſt of all?
Then, their own bodies they would never mind,
More than the ſouls of thoſe they left behind.
Who now? thoſe *ſons of Aaron* being fled,
Shall *Stand between the living and the dead?*

We have at home the *Plague*, abroad the *Sword*;
And will they add the *famine of the Word?*
But 'tis no matter, let what will, befall,
A *Recantation Sermon* payes for all.

Ne ſævi, magne Sacerdos!

For you that ſtay, I have another ſenſe;
These I revile, but you I reverence.
You have ſtood firm, and God of mercy crav'd,
And *holding out unto the end are ſav'd*.
You *the true ſhepherds* are, that would not keep
Your lives a minute, would they ſave the Sheep.
Not *hirelings*, that away in peril ſneak,
And leave *the ſtones out of the Wall to ſpeak*:
Whoſe heinous guilt is of a dye ſo deep,
It makes the dead even through the marble weep.
You, you have ſtood to't, as unmov'd, as Rocks,
And prov'd your ſelves the only *Orthodox*;
You have at Chriſts command *hated your lives*,
Without *Excuſe of Oxen, Farmes, or Wives*;
To you ſhall therefore *glorious crowns be given*,
And you *ſhall ſhine bright as the Starres in heaven*.
Of *life and death* before you, well you chooſe:
For, *Who will looſe, ſhall ſave; will ſave, ſhall looſe*.
With reverence to the *ſacred Word*, I ſhall
My theme an Embleme of the *Bible* call:
For the *Canonical*, are thoſe that ſtay,
They that *obſcure*, are the *Apocrypha*,
Of whom a man ſhall make (nay even *S. John*)
No *Revelation*, till the plague be gone.
Well, let them march; we have the better bread:
The *Wheat's* the purer, now the *Cheff* is fled.
Farewell *Wild Grapes*; for my part let 'em paſs,
The Gleaning's better than the Vintage was.
And let *Apoſtates* ramble where they will,
The Church reſerves her better *Angels* ſtill
Which ſhe embraces; for, in vain ſhe cares
For *Wandring Planets*, that has *fixed Starres*.

Praluccndo pereo.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, in the year 1665.